

F. COBBY,
JOHN H. REYNOLDS,
NOBLE BUTLER,
J. C. VAUGHAN, Corresponding Editor.

LOUISVILLE, JULY 22, 1848.

IF we send, occasionally, a number of the *Examiner* to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope, that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

IF the press of matter compels us to leave out the commercial news, we shall take care this does not happen again.

Look Out.
The Emperor of Russia proposes to abolish serfdom in Russia. It is said, that he has resolved upon it, and will have his way.

Some of the Grand Duke oppose the step. They say, "The serfs are not prepared for freedom." "They must be educated," &c., &c. These objections made to their emancipation. A young noble replies: "Serfdom is wrong. Do right, and you begin to educate. Free the serfs, and you put them in a condition where they can fit themselves for freedom. But keep them enslaved, and they will never be prepared—never educated." The Emperor sympathizes and agrees with him.

Will the South be behind this despot? Will it follow with such an example before it?

Think of it.
Go and ask any one, "If he does not wish to make his friends happy around him," and he will reply eagerly, "Yes, by all means."

We shall hardly find an exception. Even the most selfish would desire this. And, further, we would be seeking out the hand and harsh man, and say to him, "I would you hurt or oppress your kind and kind?" He would indignantly respond, "No—never."

And yet, every man who sustains slavery, to some extent mars the happiness of others, and injures and oppresses them, unwittingly it may be, in the saddest way. Does any one doubt this fact? Let him consider. Look at the consequences of slavery, and say whether the assertion is not true.

Whatever stops mental growth, or whoever retards it, must be regarded as the worst foe of society. Bring the matter home. You, father, are authoritatively told, with all your years, that the boys and girls whom you love more than life—your own children—shall not be educated; that their minds must remain uncultivated, and kept forever in ignorance. What would be your feeling? Remonstrances, strong, earnest, over-voiced, would rise to your lips, and your arms would be raised, instantly, to strike at the despot who should issue so inhuman a decree. Well, if society acts in a way to produce this result upon large bodies of its citizens, is not the wrong as great? Is not the suffering greater? And ought not the wrong-doers to be called to strict account? Escape from the reasoning, if you can.

Turn, then, to the effect of slavery, in this respect upon the minds of our laboring citizens. Where are our schools? We have a large fund—means that would be deemed ample enough in Massachusetts, with slight State help, to educate every child in the Commonwealth. Is it employed? Not a dollar of it, scarcely. The State, indeed, has used this fund for other matters—has violated a sacred trust, too, in doing it. What is the excuse? That the population in many counties is so thin, and so ignorant in others, as to render an effective school system out of the question. Would this reasoning be held just in New York? Would any State in New England listen to it for a moment? The plea of ignorance would be the strongest plea for action. The public would say, and say truly, "the greater the ignorance, the greater the necessity for schools—and school-masters—while we have the means, and know our duty, they must be employed in educating the masses—in educating every child whose parents wish it."

Why is this not done, or attempted to be done, in Kentucky?

Slavery is the obstacle. That alone prevents it. Is that obstacle beyond our control? No citizen will affirm that such is the fact. Who, then, is responsible for the lamentable ignorance which prevails in Kentucky among so many of our people? They who uphold this obstacle—who cling to slavery, and declare they will not abandon it. And if the masses understood—if the white adults who cannot read and write, only knew how they are kept down, and who does it, think you they would not be so ready to submit to it? Make the case your own—apply it to your own family, and answer.

The Insurrection in Paris.
The 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th days of June of the present year, are destined to be memorable in the history of the French people. A hateful celebrity, like that which keeps the memory of St. Bartholomew's day fresh in the minds of men, will forever be associated with them. They are among the darkest days that blacken the annals of our race; days contra-distinct from other days by the pre-eminence of the crimes which they witnessed.

Men are so accustomed to read of the sad history of battle fields, that ordinary accounts of slaughter, however terrible, fail to strike to their hearts with horror, or even to ruffle the smooth current of their feelings. Something extraordinary in the way of bloodshed is necessary to rouse and to excite them. Had ten or twenty thousand men perished on some battle-field where hostile nations contended for victory, the account would have been no like hundreds of others with which the minds of all readers of history are familiar, that it would not have disturbed their tranquility. But when as many men living in the same city are slaughtered in a struggle which is not graced by the usual apology for legalized murders, every cheek turns pale, and we feel that so stupendous an atrocity, such wide spread woe, such awful crime, ought to horrify every heart.

One peculiarity, and a very striking peculiarity it is too, in the recent insurrection in Paris, is that it was directed against a government which the people had very recently instituted, and which has been marked by an extraordinary solicitude to promote the welfare of those who rebelled against it and sought to put it down at any cost of blood. The insurgents were animated by an insatiable zeal to destroy an agency which was intent on their highest good. Tens of thousands of men banded themselves together, and arrayed themselves in warlike attitude against a government eminently popular in all its features, a government which meditated the most extensive popular melioration ever undertaken by any popular government. It is difficult to conceive how popular frenzy could become so utterly, indiscriminating, so unreasoning in all respects, as to aim at the destruction of such a political system. And yet for days and weeks the most deadly preparations were in progress. Immense numbers of men enlisted heartily in an enterprise of imminent hazard which promised no substantial benefit even if crowned with the most thorough success. And against whom were all these formidable preparations made? Against neighbors, residents of the same city, men actuated by the same hopes of political and social reform, devoted to precisely the same interests which were dear to the hearts of the insurgents! In this view, how purely malignant, or how entirely motiveless does the recent insurrection in Paris seem.

Now, if an army of foreigners, bent on the subjugation of the people, had entered Paris, no one would have wondered at the conduct of its citizens, if they had risen up against the invaders. No one felt surprised that the Parisians in February last, rose in their might and overthrew the government of Louis Philippe, because it had falsified its pledges, and had become tyrannical and insupportably oppressive. In these facts men generally recognize a legitimate source of popular indignation, and are prone to justify such outbreaks when aimed at the destruction of systems that have become intolerable. So also, if the rights of conscience had been invaded and trampled on by an unscrupulous engine of despotism, and had the sufferers then risen and in fierce conflict destroyed the hated oppression and its supporters, no one would have expressed amazement, because in such a cause there is a holy object to be secured. But in the late outbreak in Paris there was no despotism, civil or ecclesiastical, of which the people were weary, to be put down. The government sympathized thoroughly with the people, and its benevolent ministrations were intended for the benefit of that particular class, who sought its overthrow. If the condemned friends of Pantomime had been suffered to visit Paris for the purpose of promoting atrocities, gladdening to their hearts, we should have expected precisely such a revolt and such scenes as have clothed the city of Paris in mourning. But before the horrors of this revolt took place, no one would have so far presumed on the stupidity and wickedness of the human heart as to have pronounced such scenes possible. This insurrection is one of those monstrous occurrences which are well calculated to confound the speculations of philosophers and philanthropists who dream of an early millennium. The cold-blooded fecundity of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, centuries ago, the ruthlessness with which they spread fire and sword, havoc and ruin in every direction, was scarcely more devilish than that exhibited by the Parisian insurgents. The barbarities of these Asiatic conquerors spring from insatiable lust of conquest which has in all ages signaled itself by the perpetration of the most startling crimes, and are therefore capable of explanation. The awful ignominy of the Parisian populace, who, for four days rioted in the blood of thousands of their friends and neighbors, is without parallel on the pages of history, for never before was such uncalculating slaughter so long persevered in unless there was some very specious or substantial good in view to nerve the heart to deeds of daring. The four thousand murders of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, have lost their pre-eminence in guilt now that this recent carnage of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand Parisians has amazed the world.

In all large cities there are masses of idle, ignorant and dissolute people who crave excitement, and are willing to embrace any cause, however desperate, in order to throw off for awhile the lethargy which oppresses them. However slight the hope of gain may be, such creatures will embark in crazy crusades against the established order of things. Every-day life is too tame for such hot and restless beings. They listen with avidity to the vile cant of demagogues, and enlist heartily in any enterprise which will gratify their diseased appetites by the promise of change. To elevate such persons above their miserable condition, to lift them above the night that surrounds them to a purer and brighter atmosphere, where new hopes may dawn upon them, is an object towards which the loftiest and most expanded philanthropy may well be directed. The light of knowledge ought to be sent into the dark abodes of ignorance, and the cheering promises of religion should be proffered to such as look only to the gratification of sensual appetites for happiness. The young should be rescued from the haunts of iniquity and enlightened with respect to duty, and right, and truth; before their souls become incursed with vice and crime. In our own happy country this is practicable; and yet, even here, thousands and tens of thousands are suffered to grow up in ignorance and destitution, the certain forerunners of crime. That our country may not be disgraced by scenes which shall appal the stoutest hearts, the young should be rescued from all loathsome places, and brought within reach of influences which will establish in them hopes and desires of a life consecrated to well-doing.

Since the failure of this well-planned and most wonderfully sustained insurrection in Paris, the Government will probably be better able to maintain itself, for it is scarcely to be expected that deeper or more comprehensive hostility against it can possibly be organized. Having proved its ability to suppress the best concerted schemes of its enemies, it will not be likely hereafter to encounter any very formidable opposition. The malcontents, too, will learn from the sad experience of last month, enough of the power of the Government to assure them that inevitable destruction awaits all armed hostility that may be arrayed against it. Such, we hope, may be the case, but we must confess that the late scenes have shaken our faith and the trusting hopefulness with which we have contemplated the efforts of the French philanthropists and political philosophers to establish extensive reforms under which France may be both free and happy.

By no means, however, would we despair of any true system of reform anywhere. Believing, as we do, in the great doctrine of progress, we feel the buoyancy of hope, even while we see deeply sorrow over, events calculated to lessen our enthusiasm. We earnestly hope that France may be saved the disgrace of further bloodshed, and that the noble work of social and political reform may go on towards completion undisturbed by any further occurrences having a tendency to bring despair on any philanthropic heart.

The National Assembly of France has appointed a committee to inquire into the causes of the late insurrection. When their report is published, we shall be better able to appreciate the feelings, the motives, and the expectations of the misguided and guilty men who participated in the late scenes. Until then, perhaps it were better to withhold any final judgment in regard to the conduct of those concerned in the revolt. It may be that the insurrection had its source in ignorance and folly rather than in malice and crime. Judging of it, however, by the lights now on our mind, we cannot but regard it as one of the most appalling events recorded in history.

The Soldiers Return.
A few days since we happened to be in a neighboring town, where we saw several gentlemen in military dress. We also observed a great many persons in tattered garments, and having generally a very filthy personal appearance, walking along the streets. The next day, several of these persons were seen laying in the streets with their faces exposed to the burning sun, in a state of the most beastly intoxication. These we learned belonged to a regiment of American soldiers which had just returned from Mexico. This same regiment we had seen, it seems to us, but a few days before, on its way to the seat of war. Then the banners were gaily fluttering in the breeze, the stirring sounds of the drum and fife, thrilled every bosom, orators were setting forth the charms of glory.

"And all went merry as a marriage bell." What a change had come over all this! Everything now wore a mournful and distressed appearance. No triumphant banner waved over the soldiers here; no martial fife gleamed from their eyes; none of the glow of health was seen on their sunken features; the drum and fife had lost their inspiring tones, and seemed to utter only sounds of woe.

A few months had worked out the wretchedness of years. Not a few of those whose hearts had been "burning with high hope," were now mouldering cold and low. Sorrow had taken up her abode by many a desolate fireside. In many a breast the avenues for the entrance of joy were shut up forever.

But when we think of the moral desolation that has come over many a soul, how much more melancholy a scene presents itself! The seeds of vice have germinated in many a heart, and will continue to grow, and produce the most baneful fruits. These are the trophies of war! The ravages of pestilence and famine are dreadful; but when we look upon what war has done, we must exclaim:

"Man is to me the surest deadliest foe!"

The "light on Glory's plume" is, in fact, indeed, for it is the light of burning cities reflected from seas of blood.

There is no passing along the street one day, and talking about the prospect, and the real difficulty there was in slave States, either for the laborer to use, and the director of labor to make great progress, the question was asked, "what is the cause?" and a mechanic friend, pointing to two slaves doing certain work, replied, "there it is." He felt it. Not only was the work poorly done, but, worse yet, it prevented white laborers from doing it, and from improving their condition, as it should be improved. Capitalist! who suffers? Capitalist! who pays? You—yes, and yours! Your capital would be larger—your industry more profitable—your progress, socially, morally, commercially, surer—were all around you free. There it is!

Important Decision.
The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania recently decided upon the constitutionality of the laws enjoining the observance of Sunday as a day of rest from labor. The facts of the case are, briefly, that a man named Specht, a farmer and a Seventh Day Baptist, residing in Franklin county, was indicted for pursuing his ordinary avocations on Sunday—such as hauling out manure, &c.—and fined by the court. He appealed to the Supreme Court, mainly, it would seem, to test, for himself, the constitutionality of the law under which he was fined. The opinion of the court was delivered by Judge Bell, and is conclusive in favor of the constitutionality of the law.

Meeting of Bishops.
The venerable Bishop Soule, long a faithful laborer in, and an ornament of the Methodist Episcopal church, and now, under the plea of age, a bishop of the Southern section of that denomination, has, by the advice of the commissioners and others representing the Southern church at the late general conference of the Northern, convened a meeting of the bishops, commissioners, and others appointed by the South, at Louisville, Ky., on the 6th of September, for consultation upon the proceedings of the Northern general conference.

National Monument.
The ceremonies in laying the corner stone of the Washington National Monument on the 4th of July, in Washington, were grand and imposing. A vast concourse attended from the surrounding States, and not a few from those more remote. The military as well as the civil procession exceeded anything before seen in the Capital. The oration by the Hon. R. C. Winthrop is spoken of by all as one of rare eloquence and ability.

Decline of Power in the Slave States.
The tale to be told by the statistics of 1850, will show a large decline of power in the Slave States.

The number of Representatives in the House of Representatives must be greatly diminished, and in every way the South will be weakened. Do you doubt this, reader? If so, read and ponder over the facts contained in the following letter from Jesse Chalmers:

PREMIER HUNT, Esq.—MY DEAR SIR:—In a conversation with you a few days since, we were speaking of some facts in the history of our country, which bore on the subject of slavery, and which seemed to indicate that the cause of freedom has been thus far essentially increasing in strength, and is likely to gain more and more strength hereafter. Permit me to state these facts more in detail, and with more distinctness.

And first, in respect to the population of the United States, as distinguished by the existence of slavery, and by its prohibition. The whole population of the United States in 1790 was 3,929,181, of whom 1,261,045 were slaves. The excess of 2,668,136 in 1790 in the free division, had increased in 50 years to 4,350,229 in 1840, when there were only 4,352,640 white persons in the slave division—which is nearly 300,000 less than the excess of the free division. The persons in the free States over the number in the slave States is at this time nearly 6,000,000. The difference of population in the two divisions, we believe continue to increase hereafter, even assuming that the slave States may be made to sustain the slave-holding portion of the Union. Many of those who have already settled in Texas, since the annexation, are opposed to slavery. It will be difficult permanently to establish slavery in these parts of Mexico, and may be cooled by treaty to the United States, as throughout Mexico, including Texas, slavery was forbidden by the Mexican government years ago, and has been opposed to the spirit and letter of the Catholic religion for centuries.

The sentiment of freedom in opposition to slavery, in all the free States, has vastly increased in fervor and in decisive expression, and in the minds of the friends for and against it, and they have received a response among many in the slave States, where even the supporters of slavery are beginning to consider the economical value of the institution itself, as well as its dangers and its premonitions, and in the unexpected and wonderful events in Europe for the last few months this sentiment has manifested itself, and received encouragement and support more welcome, as other more pressing interests would seem to have been supposed to have excluded the subject from the consideration of European governments. The voice of Christianity, of civilization, and of all that is good in the civilized world, is sounding louder and louder in favor of the freedom of man, both in his individual himself, and in the high places of government.

I will now speak of the representation in Congress from the two divisions of the States: From 1792 to 1833 the whole number of representatives in Congress was 105, of whom 57 or 54.3 per cent. were from the free States, and 48 or 45.7 per cent. were from the slave States. From 1835 to 1853, exclusive of new States since admitted and represented, the number is 225, of whom 135 or 60.4 per cent. are from the free States, and 88 or 39.6 per cent. are from the slave States. During this period the gain of the free States has been 61 per cent. of the whole representation, and the loss of the slave States the same, and the two together constitute a difference of 122 per cent. in the representation of the two divisions of the States. The number of representatives from the free States is now about the same as the whole, and the proportion of the slave States is constantly increasing at each decennial epoch, for the natural increase of the free or representative population in the free States, is greater than in the slave States, and at least four-fifths of the immigrants from foreign countries are white persons, and whose number amount to

between three and four hundred thousand annually, go into the free States to swell their population. It is hardly to be supposed that the English, Scotch, Irish, or German, or their children, when domiciled in the free States, will be disposed to uphold slavery in any part of the North American States; they will on the side of freedom, and they will be. There has been almost a constant decrease of the proportion of the representatives in Congress from the slave States in each decennial period from 1792 to 1833. And, even to sustain this decrease, it is necessary to suppose that there have been nearly 3,000,000 voters and nearly 12,000,000 free persons on an average, in each representative or Congressional State in the free States, than in the slave States for each term during the 60 years from 1792 to 1853.

And further the number of voters in the United States in 1844, was about 3,000,000—it is now nearly that number, or about 3,000,000. It has been estimated that the number of slaveholders is about 300,000, or not more than a thirtieth part of that of the voters. Some think that of these slaveholders, only about 100,000 are voters—I will suppose the number to be about 200,000, or one to 10 or 20 voters. It would seem that the number of those who have an interest in this slave property, cannot be more than four times that of the slaveholders, and six times that of the voters, or 1,200,000. This number is only one-seventeenth part of the whole population of the United States, or a fourteenth part of the whole population. The white population of the slave States, at this time, is probably a little more than 5,000,000; so that we may suppose that only about one-quarter of this population have a pecuniary interest in slavery. The whole population of the slave States is now probably less than 5,000,000, and that those interested in slavery are only about one-eighth of the whole population of these States.

It may be here stated that in the choice of President electors in 1850, 1854, and 1858, a number of votes were cast for slave States, including the probable number in South Carolina, where the choice was made by the Legislature, was only about 30 per cent. of the whole number of electors in 1850, 1854, and 1858. The number of white persons in the two divisions of the States, was in 1850, 32,343,343, and 67,466,466, respectively. The right of suffrage being more extended among the whites in the free than in the slave States, let the above facts be fully considered, and though the time of emancipation may be delayed, the event can hardly be postponed many years before the constitutional power of the General Government, in relation to slavery, by those who will seek to limit, and will limit slavery where it is, and will check its further extension. Truly yours,

JESSE CHALMERS.
The Steamer Milwaukee, from Cincinnati for St. Louis, in passing over the falls on the 14th inst., took a shiver on the pilot, and struck the rocks in the Indiana chute, which caused her to sink immediately. The cargo may be saved in a much damaged condition, but the boat is a total loss. No lives lost.

From St. Louis.
The river is all falling.

The steamer Martha arrived at the mouth of Yellow Stone, loaded with furs. At Yacenta village she was fired upon by the Indians, and one man killed.

Death of Judge Gibson.
The Petersburg Intelligencer of the 14th announces the death of Judge JAMES H. GIBSON. He died at his residence in Petersburg, on the morning of the 2d inst., in the 47th year of his age. The Intelligencer says:—"In person, in temper, and in intellect, he was one of God's noblest works."

The First Hour.
Most minds like to speculate about the origin of the race. We love to go back, and dream dreams, and make theories, on the subject. "Wherefore?" do you ask. Because we love our race—love humanity—we would elevate it, and know all we can of it.

The feeling is just. The dead live. Death is the pathway to life. We stand over the bier, and look at the pale face, and the lifeless form, and weep, as if there were no hope. Yet the spirit of that frame has just entered life. We, the mourners, are dead, and we only. Yet who would check the falling tear? Who shut up the fountain of sorrow? Let the tears fall. Let the fountain gush forth. They tell of our love to God and man, and as such are divine witnesses of the higher, holier life.

The poor Indian, wild in his dreams, and wild yet in his action, is full of poetic talk of the spirit land, and the origin of his race. For every thing he has an emblem. Not a brave deed is done—not a suffering encountered—that is not embalmed in poetry. Their prophets seem often to anticipate what will be, and always to expect for their race higher hopes and a higher destiny. Opetheola affirms that the Indian was made before the white man, but that the white man will doom the race to degradation and death on earth, but that when all are dead, the red man will be first in the spirit-land. But the Seminole prophet, Nenehathia, gives the following tradition as the most general among the tribes as to the origin of the different races:

In the progress of the negotiation at Camp Mingo in 1823, between the U. S. Commissioners and the Indians, it became important to ascertain the population of the Seminole nation. By request, a census was taken by the chiefs, and on the Commissioners asking if the state of the nation was good, the chiefs, who were slaves, there was so violent a burst of indignation, and Nenehathia as to require rejoinder and proof from those who represented the United States. On explaining the motive of the inquiry, however, that the Commissioners, in the allotment of territory, were desirous of providing for the negro as well as the Indian, Nenehathia was reconciled to the supposed indignity cast upon his people, and the negotiation proceeded and terminated harmoniously. On the exchange of documents and treaties, the commissioners received the head chiefs of the Seminoles at an entertainment. On the removal of the cloth, for Nenehathia, Blunt, and many others, were not ignorant of the forms and contents of the dinner-table, and the chiefs were surrounded. Nenehathia adverted to the unpleasant incident of the morning, in which he had exhibited so much temper. He stated, that they had among them a wise man, a philosopher, who had communion with the Great Spirit, and who, in the presence of commissioners, it would be gratifying to him that he should be heard, that they might read in his revelations the only apology he had to offer for the indignities heaped upon his people, and being considered a member of the Red Family. The wise man commenced:

"In the beginning, the Great Spirit made this earth, and he was pleased with his hunting grounds, his rich soil, his mountains, and valleys, his oceans and rivers. He decreed he would people it. He labored for seven days and he made a negro. Though gratified at this first of human beings, into whom he had blown the breath of life, he was not satisfied. He worked seven days more and produced an Indian. Though more pleased with the second than the first of his creation, he was not altogether reconciled to the Red Skin. He returned for seven days more to his work, and he made a white man. He was again gratified upon this last as the perfection of his works. But the negro and the Indian were still alive; and what was to be done to promote harmony and preserve peace? The Spirit thought awhile, and told the first of his human beings, that he should go and seek out the races of human beings, at the same time placing before them three huge boxes. On one was marked *Hoe and Axe*; on another *Bow and Arrow*; and on the third *Book*. He said to the negro, as I made you first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of bows and arrows before the Great Spirit said, *You may choose*. The box of books fell to the white man; not by accident, but by design." With the most emphatic action, then said the Indian philosopher: "The Great Spirit has decreed that the negro shall fall the first, and tell the first to me, you shall have the first choice. He selected the *Hoe and Axe*. The Indian became restless, frantic with apprehensions, and under his native impulses was almost in possession of the box of

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Unknown Way.
BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A burning sign is o'er me,
The sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward wearily,
In the sultry moon I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
Eastward, thick with dew,
Above its windings, pleasantly,
The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool, and the dew of
night is not yet dried away.

Path of the flowery woodland;
Oh, whither dost thou lead,
Wandering by gray orchard grounds
Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nestling cottages?
Goest thou by stately halls?
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbine flouts the wall?

By steep where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year?
By lonely walls where lovers stray
Till the tender star appear?

Or happily dost thou linger
On barren plains and lone;
Or clamber the bold mountain side,
To taste the thinner air?

Where they who journey upward
Walk in a weary track,
And oft upon the shady vale
With longing eyes look back?

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Breathing the pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland!
End where these waters roar,
Like human life on a trackless beach,
With a boundless sea before?

From Lamartine's History of the Girondins.
Trist and Execution of Charlotte Corday.
When she was seated on the bench of the
prisoners, she was asked if she had a de-
fender. She replied that a friend had un-
dertaken this office, but not seeing him, she
supposed his courage had failed him. The
president then assigned her the young Chau-
veau Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his
defense of the Queen, and already famous
for his eloquence and courage in causes
and times when the advocate shared the
peril of his client. Chauveau Lagarde placed
himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on
him, as though she feared lest, to save her
life, her defender would abandon some part
of honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving
her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief,
exclaimed—
"Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him."
She then related the premeditation of the
act for three months; her project of stab-
bing him in the Convention; and the rage
she had employed to obtain access to him.

"I confess," said she, with humility, "that
this means was unworthy of me; but it was
necessary to appear to esteem this man, in
order to obtain access to him."
"Who inspired you with this hatred of
Marat?" she was asked.

"I did not need the hatred of any one
else," she replied. "My own was sufficient;
besides, you always excite badly that
which you have not devoured yourself."
"What did you hate in him?"
"His crimes."
"What did you hope to effect by killing
him?"
"Restore peace to my country."
"Do you, then, think that you have assas-
sinated all the Marats?"
"Since he is dead, perhaps the others will
tremble."

The knife was shown her, that she might
recognize it. She pushed it from her with a
gesture of disgust.
"Yes," replied she; "I recognise it."
"What persons did you visit at Caen?"
"Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal of-
ficer, and the Cure of Saint Jean."
"Did you confess to a conforming or non-
conforming priest?"
"Neither one nor the other."
"Since when had you formed this design?"
"Since the 31st of May, when the depu-
ties of the people were arrested. I have
killed one man to save a hundred thousand.
I was a republican long before the Revolu-
tion."

Faucher was confronted with her.
"I only know Faucher by sight," said she,
disdainfully. "I look on him as a man de-
void of principles; and I despise him."
The accuser reproached her with having
dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to
render it more certain, and observed that she
must doubtless have been well exercised in
crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed
all her ideas, by assimilating her to profes-
sionary murderers, she uttered a cry of horror.
"Oh, the monster!" exclaimed she, "he
takes me for an assassin!"
Fouquier Tinville summed up, and de-
manded that sentence of death should be pas-
sed.

Her defender rose. "The accused," said he,
"confesses her crime, she avows its whole
premeditation, and gives the most overwhelm-
ing details. Citizens, this is her whole de-
fence. This imperturbable calm and entire
forgetfulness of self, which reveals no re-
morse in presence of death—this calm, and
this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of
view, is not natural; they can only be ex-
plained by the excitement of political fan-
tasy, which placed the poignant in her
hand. It is for you to decide what weight
so stern a fanaticism should have in the
balance of justice. I leave all to your con-
science."

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die.
She heard their verdict unmoved; and the
president having asked her if she had any-
thing to say relative to the punishment
inflicted on her, she made no reply; but, turn-
ing to her defender, Monsieur, said she,
"you have defended me as I wished to be de-
fended; I thank you; I owe you a proof of
my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you
one worthy of you. These gentlemen
(pointing to the judges) have just declared
my property confiscated; I owe something
in the prison, and I begueth to you the pay-
ment of this debt."

During her examination, she perceived a
painter engaged in taking her likeness;
without interrupting the examination, she
smilingly turned towards the artist, in order
that he might the better see her features.
She thought of immortality, and already as
for her portrait to immortality.

Behind the painter stood a young man,
whose fair hair, blue eyes and pale com-
plexion marked him for a native of the North.
His eyes were riveted on the prisoner, and
at each reply he shuddered and changed col-
or. He seemed to drink in her words, and
to associate himself, by gesture, attitude and
enthusiasm, with the sentiments she ex-
pressed. Unable, frequently, to repress his emo-
tion, he drew to himself, by involuntary ex-
clamations, the attention of the audience
and of Charlotte Corday. At the moment

when the President passed sentence of death,
the young man rose from his seat, with the
gesture of a man who protests from the bot-
tom of his heart, and then sunk back, as
though his strength had failed him. Char-
lotte, insensible to her own fate, perceived
this movement, and comprehended that, at
the moment when all on earth abandoned
her, a kindred spirit attached itself to hers,
and that, amidst this hostile or indifferent
throne, she possessed an unknown friend,
and thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a
German republican, sent to Paris by the
revolutionists of Mayence, to concert the
movements of Germany with those of
France, in the common cause of human
reason and the liberty of the people. His
eyes followed Charlotte until she disappear-
ed amidst the *gens d'armes* beneath the
arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quit-
ted her.

On her return to the Conciergerie, which
was so soon to yield her up to the scaffold,
Charlotte Corday smiled on her companions
in prison, who had ranged themselves in
the corridors and courts to see her pass. She
said to the concierge:
"I had hoped that we should breakfast to-
morrow together, but the judges detained me
so long that you must forgive me for having
broken my word."

The executioner arrived; she requested
him to allow her time to finish a letter,
which was neither the outpouring of weak-
ness nor regret, but the last act of wounded
friendship—addressing an eternal reproach
to the cowardly spirit which had abandoned
her.

It was addressed to Doulcet de Pontecoul-
ant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and
on whom she believed she had called in
vain to be her defender. The letter was as
follows:
"Doulcet de Pontecoulant is a coward to
have refused to defend me when it was so
easy. He who undertook it performed his
task with all possible dignity, and I shall re-
ceive a grateful recollection of him to my
last moments."

Her indignation was unjust; the young
Pontecoulant, who was absent from Paris,
had not received her letter; his generosity
and courage were a sufficient guaranty that
he would have accepted the office; and
Charlotte bore an error and an injustice to
the scaffold.

The artist who had sketched Charlotte's
likeness at the tribunal, was M. Huer, a
painter and officer of the National Guard,
of the section of the Theatre Francaise. On
her return to the prison, she requested the
concierge to allow him to finish his work,
and, on his arrival, Charlotte thanked him
for the interest he appeared to take in her,
and, quietly sat to him, as though, while she
permitted him to transmit her form and fea-
tures to posterity, she also charged him to
hand down her mind and her patriotism to
unborn generations. She conversed with
M. Huer on his profession, the events of
the day, and the peace of mind she felt after
the execution of her design; she also spoke
of her young friends at Caen, and requested
him to paint a miniature from the portrait,
and send it to her family.

Suddenly, a gentle knock was heard at
the door, and the executioner entered.—
Charlotte, turning round, perceived the
scissors and red chemise he carried over his
arm.

"What already," exclaimed she, turning
pale.
Then, recovering her composure, and
glancing at the unfinished portrait, "Mon-
sieur," said she to the artist, "I know not
how to thank you for the trouble you have
taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep
it in memory of your kindness and my gra-
titude."

At some houses in Florence, large parties
meet without the slightest preparation. It
is understood that, on some particular
evening of the week, a lady or a gentleman
always receives their friends. In one room
are books and flowers; in another pictures
and engravings; in a third music. Couples
are ensconced in some shaded alcove, or
groups dotted about the room, in cheerful
or serious conversation. No one is required
to speak to his host, either entering or de-
parting. Lemonade and baskets of fruit
stand here and there on the side tables, that
may take you like; but, eating, which con-
stitutes so large a part of American en-
tertainments, is a slight and almost un-
noticed incident in these festivals of intellect
and taste. Wouldst thou like to see such
social freedom introduced here? Then do
it. But the first step must be complete in-
difference to Mrs. Smith's assertions that
you were mean enough to offer only one
kind of cake to your company, and to put
less shortening in the undercrust of your
pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk
according to her gifts; be thou assured that
all living souls love freedom better than
cakes or under crust.

He aims at power of the noblest kind,
Who tames the stubborn passions of his mind,
And reigns the monarch of his own desires.

Female Society.
You know my opinion of female society.
Without it, we should degenerate into brutes.
This observation applies with tenfold force
to young men, and those who are in the
prime of manhood. For, after a certain
time of life, the literary man may make a
shift (as poor one I grant) to do without the
society of ladies. To a young man, nothing
is so important as a spirit of devotion
(next to his Creator) to some amiable wo-
man, whose image may occupy his heart,
and guard it from the pollution which besets
it on all sides. A man ought to choose his
wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding
gown, for qualities that "wear well." One
thing, at least, is true, that if matrimony has
its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A New-
ton, or a mere scholar may find employ-
ment in study; a man of literary taste can
receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but
a man must have a bosom friend, and chil-
dren round him, to cherish and support the
dreadfulness of old age.—John Randolph.

Time to Die this Truth has Taught.
BY CHARLES SWAIN.
Time to die this truth has taught,
(Tis a truth that's worth revealing,
More often from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling;
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it,
If we've but a word to say.

There's a time in which to say it.
Oh! unknowingly the tongue
Teaches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong,
Falls the heart almost to breaking;
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been sought or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we tend it o'er so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human eye can touch.
So is many a lovely breast,
Like some canvas-gilt conceals,
That if touched is soon oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed.

A Great Lie.
"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is
like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and
flee, and make a frightful pother, but it
cannot hurt you. You have only to keep
still, and it will die of itself."

placed herself under the axe. The heavy
blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaf-
fold. One of the assistants, named Legros,
took it in his hand and struck it on the
cock. It is said that a deep crimson suf-
fusion overspread the face, as though dignity
and modesty had for an instant lasted longer
even than life.

Social Intercourse.
BY MISS CHILDS.
There is a false necessity with which we
industriously surround ourselves; a circle
that never expands; whose inner never changes
to ductile gold. This is the presence of
public opinion, the intolerable restraint of
conventional forms. Under this despotism
influence, men and women check their best
impulses, suppress their highest thoughts.—
Each long for the full communion with other
souls, but dare not give utterance to their
yearnings. What hinders? The fear of
what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say;
or the frown of some sect; or the anathema
of some synod; or the fashion of some clique;
or the laugh of some club; or the misrep-
resentation of some political party. Thou
art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not
that he is equally afraid of thee. He has
bound thy hands and thou hast fettered his
feet. It were wiser for both to snap the in-
imaginary bond and walk onward unshackled.
If thou hearest years for love, be loving;
if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou
wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be
frank with him.

But what will people say?
What does it concern thee what they
say?—thy life is not in their hands. They
can give thee nothing of real value nor take
from thee anything that is worth having.
Satan may promise thee all the kingdoms
of the earth, but he has not one acre of it
to give. He may offer much as the price
of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his
titles. Eternal and sure is the promise:
Blessed are the meek for they shall
inherit the earth.

But I shall be misunderstood—misrepre-
sented.
And what if thou art? They who throw
stones at what is above them, receive mis-
siles back again by the law of gravity; and
luckily are they who bruise not their own
faces. Would that I could persuade all
who read this to be truthful and free to say
what they think, and act what they feel,
to cast from them like ropes of sand, all fear
of sects and parties, of clans and classes.

What is there of joyful freedom in our
social intercourse? We meet to see each
other, and not a peep do we get under the
thick, stifling veil which each carries about
him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our
host takes away all our freedom, while we
destroy his own. If the host wishes to open
the door, he dares not, lest it seem impolite
to the guests; if the guest wishes to read or
sleep, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to
the host; so they remain slaves, and feel it
relief to part company. A few individuals,
mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter
with wiser freedom. If a visitor ar-
rives, they say, "I am very busy to-day; if
you wish to ride, there are horses and sad-
dles in the stables; if you wish to read, there
are books in the parlor; if you want to work,
the men are raking hay in the fields; if you
want to romp, the children are at play in
the court; if you want to talk to me, I can
be with you at such an hour. Go where
you please, and while you are here do as
you please."

At some houses in Florence, large parties
meet without the slightest preparation. It
is understood that, on some particular
evening of the week, a lady or a gentleman
always receives their friends. In one room
are books and flowers; in another pictures
and engravings; in a third music. Couples
are ensconced in some shaded alcove, or
groups dotted about the room, in cheerful
or serious conversation. No one is required
to speak to his host, either entering or de-
parting. Lemonade and baskets of fruit
stand here and there on the side tables, that
may take you like; but, eating, which con-
stitutes so large a part of American en-
tertainments, is a slight and almost un-
noticed incident in these festivals of intellect
and taste. Wouldst thou like to see such
social freedom introduced here? Then do
it. But the first step must be complete in-
difference to Mrs. Smith's assertions that
you were mean enough to offer only one
kind of cake to your company, and to put
less shortening in the undercrust of your
pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk
according to her gifts; be thou assured that
all living souls love freedom better than
cakes or under crust.

He aims at power of the noblest kind,
Who tames the stubborn passions of his mind,
And reigns the monarch of his own desires.

Female Society.
You know my opinion of female society.
Without it, we should degenerate into brutes.
This observation applies with tenfold force
to young men, and those who are in the
prime of manhood. For, after a certain
time of life, the literary man may make a
shift (as poor one I grant) to do without the
society of ladies. To a young man, nothing
is so important as a spirit of devotion
(next to his Creator) to some amiable wo-
man, whose image may occupy his heart,
and guard it from the pollution which besets
it on all sides. A man ought to choose his
wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding
gown, for qualities that "wear well." One
thing, at least, is true, that if matrimony has
its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A New-
ton, or a mere scholar may find employ-
ment in study; a man of literary taste can
receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but
a man must have a bosom friend, and chil-
dren round him, to cherish and support the
dreadfulness of old age.—John Randolph.

Time to Die this Truth has Taught.
BY CHARLES SWAIN.
Time to die this truth has taught,
(Tis a truth that's worth revealing,
More often from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling;
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it,
If we've but a word to say.

There's a time in which to say it.
Oh! unknowingly the tongue
Teaches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong,
Falls the heart almost to breaking;
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been sought or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we tend it o'er so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human eye can touch.
So is many a lovely breast,
Like some canvas-gilt conceals,
That if touched is soon oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed.

A Great Lie.
"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is
like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and
flee, and make a frightful pother, but it
cannot hurt you. You have only to keep
still, and it will die of itself."

The Model Bachelor.
THE MODEL BACHELOR lives in Cham-
bers. He is waited upon by an old laun-
dress who lives he scarcely knows where.
He sees her once a week, to pay her her
wages; but hears her every morning putting
his room to rights. He rises late. He is
skilful in lighting the fire—his practice gen-
erally of a morning. He understands the
principle of boiling a kettle, and can cook
a chop without burning his fingers. He
bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and
goes out without an oath to take his break-
fast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea."
He is not astonished if he finds no loose sil-
ver in his trousers, after they have been
brushed. He has lost the keys of his draw-
ers. His tea-caddy is, also, open from
morning to night, the lock being, like his
means, dreadfully hampered. He is cer-
tain about the number of his shirts. He
has not seen a button for years. He can-
not tell who drinks the grog, or what be-
comes of all the empty bottles. He won-
ders who has taken his Waverley Novels,
excepting the second volume of the *Pirate*.
He is only allowed one pair of boots per
diem. If he wants a clean pair, he must
clean them himself, or wait till the follow-
ing morning. His washerwoman mends
his linen—at least she charges for it. He
takes everything good-humoredly, but is a
little put out if he finds he has left his latch-
key in his other coat, and that he cannot
get in. He is a little ruffled, also, when
he discovers the laundress has not made his
bed—on Christmas day, for instance. He
plays only two instruments—the flute and
the cornet-piston. He is much sought
after in society, and is a great dinner-out.
He can tie his handkerchief in a hundred dif-
ferent ways, and cuts an orange into the
most impossible patterns. He is a good
hand at carving, and rarely sends a goose
into the opposite lady's lap. He makes ex-
cellent rabbits on the wall to amuse the
children, and allows them to climb up his
knees, reckless of his trousers, and hang on
his neck without a groan. He shines most
at a supper party. He brews a bowl of
punch, and mixes a lobster salad better than
any man—so he says at least. He sings a
good song with a noisy chorus, and makes
a speech without being "accustomed to
public speaking." He runs through a per-
son's health nearer than anybody else, and
serves up a toast in a most glowing style,
but does not stuff society with nothing else
all the evening. He is amiable to the fair
sex, and hands cups of tea and glasses of
negus, without spilling them. He is in great
demand as a godfather, and keeps a silver
mug on hand, ready for the occasion. He
enjoys his comforts and doesn't die at home,
for he has no cook. He studies his ease,
but jumps up readily on a cold morning to
open the door, if the knock is repeated more
than three times. He knows where the best
dinner is to be had about town, and is in-
timate with the shops for the best meat,
the best fish, the best game, the best cigars,
the best everything. He walks up the stairs
of his chambers in the dark, without falling
or trying at the wrong door. He prides
himself on knowing a good glass of port.
He is the favorite stalking-horse of the hus-
bands, who are out late but they are sure
to have been with him. Every "glass too much"
is put down to him; every visit to the docks
all the half-pieces at the theatre; all the din-
ners and suppers, no matter where, are at
his persuasion. The wives, consequently,
bear him no great affection, and generally
convey their opinion by coupling his name
with the prefix "That," very strongly in-
dicated. His good humor, however, conquers
them, and he is welcome at every family
table. He sees everything, is seen every-
where, and scarcely cares anything for his
body—excepting himself. His great object
of life is enjoyment, and he succeeds to his
heart's content.

Suddenly he is missed. He is not seen
for weeks. He is entombed alive in his
dreary chambers with the gout, and only his
laundress to tend him at distant intervals.
The long days, the never-ending nights, the
racking pain, the cross old woman, who
makes a favor of everything and is grateful
for nothing, the want of comfort, the utter
homelessness of the place, strike a chill to
his heart, and he would willingly give all
his past enjoyments for one kind voice to
cheer him, for one person whom he loved
to be near him. He rises from his bed an
altered man. He finds out a young niece
whom he has never seen. He buys a house
and gives it to her, to allow him to live in
it. She nurses him in all his sickness, and
bears all his ill-humor. He leaves her his
little property, as is kind to her as the gout
will allow him to be, and is lamented at his
death by one person at least.—Thus lives
and dies the MODEL BACHELOR.—Punch.

Utterly Music.
In accompanying these songs, and also
on the occasion of the religious solemnities,
which shall be more particularly mentioned
lower down, the Oystaks make use of two
kinds of stringed instruments, invented by
themselves at some remote period. One of
these is shaped like a boat with five strings,
and is called *dombora*, which furnishes
another remarkable proof of the relation-
ship of the Oystaks to the Majars, for the
latter have at the present day a precisely
similar instrument, to which they give the
name of *tombora*. The other Oystak in-
strument, which is larger than the *dombora*,
and has eight strings, bears the name *nara-
ista yukh khotung*—an expression which
the Russians interpret, not improperly, by
the word *tribe*, a "swarm," for, in fact,
the meaning of the last term of the Oys-
yak denomination. It is obvious that in
this instance, the Oystaks have had in view
the well-known story of the singing of the
swan, which is by no means without foun-
dation, for the notes occasionally uttered by
the cygnus olor, when in a state of freedom,
and particularly during the spring, are in
fact most beautifully clear and loud, and
that this bird, when wounded, pours forth
its last breath in such notes, is now known
for certain. The popular songs of the Rus-
sians also, which are particularly rich in im-
agery derived from the observation of aqua-
tine, celebrate perpetually the fine voice
of the swan; and it is to be remarked more-
over, that the Chinese goose (an *cygnoides*),
which the Russians domesticate, bears the
title of *unwoko*, or "sweet-voiced." Nay,
it is even likely that the name of one of the
most ancient of the Russian stringed instru-
ments, the *gusli*, or dulcimer, is derived
from the word *gus*, (goose), in a manner
analogous to the Oystak *khotung*. We
shall show hereafter, that the national me-
lodies of Kamchinka originated unquestion-
ably in the imitation of the cries of sea-fowl.
In the monotonous songs of the Oystaks,
one hears little besides the fundamental
note and minor third, and more rarely, the
fifth also.—Erman's Travels in Siberia.

In the spirit of most men lies a creative
power, which only needs the right moment
to call forth the spark.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

Good and Evil Fortune.
Good fortune is the ordinal by fire, misfor-
tune the ordinal by water.—Richter.

A Splendid Panorama.
Naples is the most animated, the most
splendid city of Italy, and shines the most
brilliantly when compared with the solemn
and dreary Rome. We had been detained
long at the custom-house, and night had
spread her wings over the earth as we drove
along the quay to our hotel, the Villa di
Roma, which is situated on the seashore.—
Vesuvius was hidden from us, for no flame
gave sign of its external life; but along the
sides of the harbor, countless little lamps
glittered in the booths, and gas lights flamed
in the shops, and were reflected in their
numerous looking-glasses, whilst high above
the dark forest of masts, the revolving light
of the lighthouse shone, now brighter, now
fainter in the darkness. Naples should be
seen in the evening, by any one who wishes
for a vivid idea of the people's life in the
south. The whole population of the city
seemed to have forsaken their houses, and
the windows were everywhere wide open.
All along the quay, cooking and roasting
were going on; the booths of the dealers in
provisions and lemonade were gaily lit and
decorated, and men, naked to the waist, with
white linen trousers, and large flat baskets
on their heads, were crying various dainties.
At about every twenty paces stood the ta-
bles where the watermelons were sold, dis-
playing whole fruit in its bright green cov-
ering, others cut through to show the glow-
ing color within, and some cut into little
pieces for the lowest order of customers, who
stood in troops around refreshing themselves
with the wholesome juicy fruit; near them
were [men] roasting the yellow cobs of the
maize, also a favorite and agreeable article
of diet; and by the sea-shore were chairs oc-
cupied by amateurs of oysters, for whom the
sellers were opening the *Prutti de Mare*, as
they call them, and serving large bottles of
the Neapolitan wine, which stood on the
table along with heaps of green lemons;
guitar players were pushing in as near as
possible to obtain the reward of their exer-
tions, and these again were elbowed aside by
the cries of *aqua gelata*, who appeared
everywhere welcomed. Sometimes the lower
class of people improve the ice-water by
the introduction of a few drops of aniseed,
but often they will merely take a lump of
ice in their mouths, and even the babies will
suck it eagerly. At almost every corner are
tubs supporting a sort of stage, on which
rope-dancers and conjurers are exhibiting
their feats; here a juggler is plunging a
knife into his throat—there Puncinello is
teasing a poor fisherman—further on, a pre-
tly little girl is displaying her skill on the
rope, and others performing a little comedy;
and all have a numerous audience. Fathers
and mothers lift up the smallest of their
children in their arms, great boys, nearly
naked, force their way through the crowd
with their vigorous arms, till they reach the
front row, soldiers, jesting with their fair
ones, cast but half an eye to what is going
on, and whichever way you look you are
sure to see monks—fat, jolly, sensual-look-
ing fellows, laughing, chatting, and ap-
plauding like all the rest.—The Italian
Picture Book.

Publishing a Century Ago.
Periodicals were the fashion of the day;
they were the means of those rapid returns,
of that perpetual interchange of bargain and
sale, so fondly cared for by the present ar-
biters of literature; and were now univer-
sally the favorite channel of literary specu-
lation. Scarcely a week passed in which a
new magazine or paper did not start into
life, to die or live, as might be. Even Field-
ing, had turned from his *Jonathan Wild* the
Great, to his *Jacobite Journal*, *True*
Patriot, and *Champion*; and from his *Tom*
Jones and *Amelia*, sought refuge in his *Co-*
cent Garden Journal. We have the names
of fifty-five papers of the date of a few years
before this, regularly published every week.
A more important literary venture, in the
nature of a review, and with a title expres-
sive of the fate of letters, the *Grub Street*
Journal, had been brought to a close in
1737. Six years earlier than that, for a
longer life, Cave issued the first number
of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Griffiths, aid-
ed by Ralph, Kippis, Langhorne, Grainger,
and others, followed with the earliest regular
Review which can be said to have succeed-
ed, and in 1749 began, on Whig prin-
ciples, that publication of the *Monthly*, which
lasted till our own day. Seven years later,
the Tories opposed it with the *Critical*,
which, with